THE

PATENT.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE

PATENT.

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THE

PATENT,

K

A

POEM.

Adorned with many delightful and uſeful verities, fitting all capacities in the iſlands of Great-Britain's monarchy.

RIDER'S ALMANAC.

By the Author of the GRACES.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR;

And Sold by G. KEARSLY, in Fleet Street; J. RIDLEY, St. James's Street; W. FLEXNEY, Holborn; and C. PARKER, Bond Street.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PATENT, A POEM.

HAPPY the Man, who duly pays his debts,
He ſtill more happy, who a Patent gets.
This proſe enlivens, and adorns the rhime,
Lifts the low thought, and ſtamps it with ſublime;
Catches the eye, allures that erring ſenſe,
Ere ſteady Judgment can her reign commence,
Like Copper-plates, at which Men-children look,
And praiſe the Prints, before they read the book.

Hail to the Patent! which enables Man
To vend a Folio---or a Warming-pan.

This makes the Windlaſs work with double force,
And Smoke-jacks* whirl more rapid in their courſe;
Confers a ſanction on the Doctor's pill,
Oft' known to cure, but oft'ner known to kill.
What man would ſcruple to reſign his breath,
Provided he could die a Patent death!

Hail to the Patent! that at *Irwin*'s ſhop†
Improves the flavor of a Currant-Drop.
This gives to *Waſhes* charms unknown before,
By Veſtals practis'd, practis'd by the whore,
Nor leſs by thoſe, who taſtefully aſpire,
And look like Ladies dreſt in Men's Attire.

This too can make an Engine ſquirt ſo high,
As to o'erflow the Parlour next the Sky,
That he who ſleeps, ſhall wake and ſtart amain,
And think the gen'ral Deluge come again;

Im-

* Smoke-jacks by his Majeſty's Letters Patent, advertiſed to be ſold by Dolley and Oldham, corner of Brook-ſtreet, Holborn.

† By the King's Patent, Lozenges and Currant-Drops, advertiſed to be ſold by *Irwin*, Confectioner, in Berkeley-ſquare.

Impart a property to all Machines,
To Milk of Roſes,* and to Magazines;
To Folly's features give the face of Senſe,
And raiſe a trifle into conſequence,
Whate'er it be, a *Pinchbeck*, or a toy,
A Tyburn caxon, or a *Dalmahoy*.

So *Puff*'s engaging Art ('tis all in all)
Can ſink the great, and magnify the ſmall;
Silver to tin, or tin to ſilver turn,
And of a Jordan make a Roman urn:
Alike from all things he derives applauſe,
An Engliſh pipkin, or a Tuſcan vaſe†;
On modern pictures ſtamps an ancient name,
And robs the *dead* to give the *living* fame.

The time may come, when nothing will ſucceed,
But what a previous Patent hath decreed;

And

* By the King's Patent, Milk of Roſes, ſold by *Warren*, the Perfumer; and the Univerſal Magazine, by *Hinton*, Bookſeller, in Pater-noſter Row.

† The different pronunciation of this word from the ſpelling, it is preſumed, will apologize for the apparent defect of the rhime.

And we muſt open, on ſome future day,
The door of Nature with a patent Key.*
My very wig, tho' ſomewhat worſe for wear,
Is Patent-made, and eke of Patent hair;
Nay e'en my ſhoe a vaſt Importance takes,
Gloſs'd with the genuine Patent Blacking-Cakes,†
Thoſe Cakes, of which the Author well may boaſt,
That ſhine ſo brightly---*in the Morning-Poſt.*
Patent-ribb'd Stockings too my legs inveſt;
For what's a leg, unleſs 'tis Patent-dreſt?
Since Patents are obtain'd, as fancy wills,
For Jacks, and Wigs, and *juſtly-famous Pills*,‡
Ought not the Bard this Inſtrument to gain,
That, as he ſows, HE too may reap the grain?
Vain thought, and vainer the attempt! for HE
Who keeps the SEAL, will not remit the Fee.

But

* Patent Water-Cloſets, ſold by William Allen, New Bond-ſtreet.

† By the King's Patent, Cakes for ſhining Liquid Blacking, ſold by Bayley, Perfumer, Charing-Croſs.

‡ *Leake's* Juſtly Famous Pills, ſold at the Golden Head, St. Bride's Lane, by the King's Patent.

But why on Patents of this nature dwell?
Would not a Patent-place do full as well?
No matter whether I've a head or not;
Where Int'reſt rules, the parts are quite forgot.

A certain Lordling, at a certain Board,
Muſt needs put in a ſmall adviſing word;
The firſt in Office check'd him in a trice,
And ſneering ſaid, he did not want advice.
For what, ſaid t' other then, do I ſit here?
For what!—to pouch a Thouſand Pounds a year.
From hence we ſee, that Knowledge at the beſt
Is over-look'd, or turn'd into a jeſt.
Men of a ſolemn, ſlow-diſcerning eye,
This maxim may pronounce abſurd---but why?
Suppoſe the Monarch of Britannia's throne,
Whoſe Health to me is dearer than my own,
By ſome ſtrange Impulſe of the fancy led,
Should HAWKINS make a Judge in MANSFIELD's ſtead,
And, odd to think on! for the frolic ſake,
Lord MANSFIELD Surgeon to the Houſehold make;

It might be deem'd an inconſiſtent thing,
That one ſhould ſit to repreſent the King,
Expounding Statutes that he never read,
When PENNEL to the Bar was never bred.
Alike replete with miſchief, as with whim,
Should MANSFIELD try to ſet a broken limb,
A Leg to amputate, or breathe a Vein,
When 'tis his province ably to explain
The Laws of England, and their force to tell,
Which none know better, nor perhaps ſo well.
Or, what's as hum'rous, ſhould the King command
His Serjeants to compoſe his Muſic-band,
And ſend his Band to chatter at the Bar,
Where Lawyers chuckle, as their Neighbours jar;
Perhaps, it might appear jocoſe to ſee
Old Serjeant WHITAKER attempt a Glee;
FOSTER and HILL both out of Time and place,
And DAVY thrumming on the Double-baſs.

How droll for HOWARD, and for Doctor BOYCE,
In Quirks and Quibbles to o'er-ſtrain their voice!

BURNEY and WEIDEMAN in Gowns to bawl,
Bawl in that Hole---the Hole within the Wall!*

Why droll, abſurd, or inconſiſtent, ſay?
Each full department of the State ſurvey;
The more we look, the ſurer we ſhall find
That partial favor raiſes human kind;
Find places made for Men, not men for Places,
And fill'd by ſome, who ne'er poſſeſs'd the Graces.

For inſtance now---obſerve the Board of Trade,
And ſee what Lords Commiſſioners are made!
Would not a ſtranger think they really knew
Commerce in Theory and Practice too,
Knew all its Channels, various as they ſpread,
And trac'd their Sources to the Fountain-head?
Of Trade, alas! abroad, or Trade at home,
Pray what knows *Bamber*, or poetic *Soame*?
Gaſcoigne in Chanc'ry hath been known to ſit,
And *Jenyns* long has figur'd as a Wit,

But

* The late Chief Juſtice Willes uſed jocularly to call the Court of Common Pleas, the *Hole in the Wall.*

But never ſhown it with ſo good a grace
As now---I mean, by keeping in his Place.

Go higher ſtill---ſurvey, with cloſe regard,
That ſtately building, fronting Scotland-yard:
Would not each Rational conclude with me,
That all the Board were train'd up to the Sea,
Conſummate in each Maritime affair,
And none, but gallant Officers, ſat there?
Men, who, like FERRERS, often had with-ſtood
The brunts of action for the Public Good;
Men, who, like him, had ſtudied ev'ry part
And nice dependence of the Naval Art?
But, not contented with the full diſcharge
Of Public Duty, which he ow'd at large,
He to the realm of uſeful Science flew
With active ſoul, beyond a Seaman's view;
In Naval Structure, with unwearied mind,
To paſſive Theory the Practice join'd,
And, far as true perfection can advance,
Render'd that *certain*, which before was *chance*.

Nor

Nor, FERRERS, bluſh that I record thy name;
The Muſe delights to tread the ſteps of Fame:
Slander may rail, and peeviſh Envy ſneer;
But TRUTH acquits me of all flatt'ry here.

Inſtead of theſe, behold a *Nautling* race
Cringe into favor, and uſurp their place!
The Muſe, perhaps, too flippant might be thought,
With pert and ill-bred notions over-fraught,
If on this queſtion ſhe ſhould dare to dwell,
Would not their Ladies act the farce as well?
For are there not, who ne'er Salt-water ey'd
Except the Scarb'rough, or the Margate tide?
The GREAT LOBLOLLY* has indeed at large
Expos'd his perſon in an open barge;
From Portſmouth to Spithead has plough'd the main,
And from Spithead to Portſmouth back again:

* A Lob-lolly boy is a perſon, who on board of a Man of War attends the Surgeon and his Mates, and one who knows juſt as much of the buſineſs of a Seaman as the Author of this Poem.

Service of danger! had the barge o'er-ſet,
His Lordſhip had been drown'd---*or very wet.*
Once ONE Man fill'd the poſt, as Truth declares;
But now 'tis mangled into SEVEN ſhares:
A proof, how *bright* abilities are grown
Since prior Monarchs dignified the throne;
A ſtriking proof, which Moderns muſt allow,
ONE head was better then than SEVEN now.

The Treaſury demands an honeſt heart,
For there the head but acts a ſecond part;
But, oh! how ſunk the confidence of State
In theſe our days, ſince honeſt BURLEIGH's date!
This weighty truſt, when BURLEIGH was alive,
Was ſafe with ONE---and is it more with FIVE?
If counting noſes muſt decide the caſt,
The odds are ſure in favor of the laſt.

Am I ſo abject in my B------'s eye,
That he'll not grant the Boon I cannot buy?
So very deſtitute of grace, that HE
Who keeps the SEAL will not remit the Fee?

Where

Where ſhall I fly? where hide my begging face?
What method take to wriggle into Place?
Some pleaſing Sinecure, which I could fill,
As others do, by Deputies at will;
Like ſome fat Clergy of the preſent day,
Who preach by proxy, and by proxy pray.

I cannot pimp, 'tis true, nor ever cou'd;
And that's a circumſtance, which bodes no good:
Nor, to ſecure a private, ſnug retreat,
With fulſome compliments bedaub the Great,
Who ſuck like ſponges, and like ſponges fill,
The Oil of Praiſe their parafites diſtil.
Not but there are, who ſuch mean arts diſdain,
Too charg'd with ſenſe, too modeſt to be vain;
Who grace their Titles, to thoſe titles born,
Live to their Mottos, and their Arms adorn.

Had I been born in any other place,
The ſpurious offspring of a ſtol'n embrace,
Got by ſome Trader to the Sugar Iſles,
Deep in his vault amongſt his hogſhead-piles,

My

My Parent might have ey'd me with diſguſt,
The Child of Chance, and emblem of his luſt;
Deem'd me a vile incumbrance in his way,
And ſent me out, a cabin-boy, to ſea.
Time and experience there had rooted out
Each ſoft emotion, and each wholeſome doubt;
Quench'd, as I roſe the ſenſe of ſhame above,
The ſpark of Honor, and the flame of Love;
Of Human love, that ſun, which gilds the mind,
And beams Benevolence on all mankind;
Rank'd me as foremoſt in Oppreſſion's train,
Whilſt love of Good gave way to love of Gain;
And I the gay Commander might have been,
And rul'd the Veſſel, which I us'd to clean:
Force, fraud, and rapine, had attain'd the goal,
And ſome ſucceſsful murders crown'd the whole.
In ſtate I then had rival'd, at the leaſt,
Thoſe rich, inhuman Butchers of the Eaſt;
Regal'd, like them, from Plenty's ample horn,
And been their envy, as I'm now their ſcorn.

Yet

Yet 'tis ſome merit to be free from wealth
Acquir'd by Murder, or by public Stealth.
Rather than baſk in Fortune's lucid ray,
A wounded ſpirit bleeding night and day;
Such dreams encounter, as affrighted Reſt;
And have, like them, a heart that bruis'd my breaſt,
As if 'twas weary of its dark retreat,
And yearn'd for that repoſe it could not meet;
Be mine the bread, which Peace with Virtue ſhares;
And plenty, guilt, and deep affliction, theirs;
Plenty that ſmiles, and Guilt that inward mourns,
A face of roſes, but a heart of thorns.

Bred up in home-ſpun rules, from which my heart,
So long acquainted, tells me ne'er to part,
No courtly, faſhionable vice I bear,
To make me worth the Miniſterial care:
I've no fair Siſter, or commodious Wife,
To ſwell my hopes, or hoiſt me into life.
Then why, ſince all upon the means depends,
Without the means expect to gain the ends!

Granted, that I could act a part ſo baſe,
To ſue for bread at their and my diſgrace,
The ſame preferment I perhaps might hold,
As once a Wit a Midſhipman foretold.

Suppoſe, ſaid he, for HIRCUS I could get
A tempting Whore, or one who never yet
Was lur'd from Virtue's path, whoſe Virgin flow'r
No villain cropp'd in ſome unguarded hour;
Think you, his Lordſhip then would ſtand my friend,
And give me a Commiſſion in the end?
Yes, doubtleſs—a Commiſſion to procure
Another Virgin, or another Whore.

Such are the ladders, which our Upſtarts climb,
To reach preferment in this *hallow'd* time.
To ſuch farewel! my ſteady path I keep,
Through life with credit ſatisfied to creep;
Not mount by Vice, to whoſe polluted wing
The high, the low remorſeleſs villains cling.
Spurr'd by this thought, I write without regret,
Spite of the Patent, which I cannot get;

Pleas'd

Pleas'd if the PUBLIC but approve my lays,
Not wholly courting, nor rejecting praiſe;
Pleas'd if I raiſe a laugh, or ſmooth a frown,
Spite of the rules that CHESTERFIELD lays down.
MAN only laughs amidſt Creation's throng;
STANHOPE's not right, or NATURE's in the wrong.

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THE END.

Pleas'd if the Public but approve my lays,
Not wholly courting, nor rejecting praise;
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Spite of the rules that CHASTERFIELD lays down,
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THE END.